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VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1847. WHOLE NO. 1340.

Original Poem.

THE CRUSADES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

Suggested by seeing the hat, sword and breastplate of Godfrey de Bouillon, and the torn banner of the Crusaders, in the Imperial Armory at Vienna.

The red cross banneret mouldier here is stoken,
And Godfrey's helmet rests in dust once more,
That pointed the war-cloud with its crimson flashes,
And clove the helmets of his wearthy foes;
These breastplates once led Europe's knights undaunted,
Their folds upon the winds of Syrna flung,
As ever plume by holy memories haunted,
Their hymns of faith the warriors sang.

That hieroglyphic scene, on Herman's hallowed mountain,
With Gothic rune and Hebrew skirn was graved;
Those plumes have waved beside Bethesda's fountain,
And stood with Godfrey on Mount Olivet!
And sure the banners, now all rent and st ormed,
Waved on the holy walls from Moslems won,
Or by the Lion hearted king have quivered,
Upon the field of Ascalon!

The dreams of romance, that in days departed
Were clothed through my fancy with truth, come back again,
As when the blood cote my brow back started
At thought of the wrongs of Christian land—
When Richard's glory fired my young ambition,
And stirred my slumbering heart with unbridled fire,
And oft I saw, in dream enraptured vision,
The sunny skies of Palestine!

I longed to reap the fame of former ages,
I would have trod on bonnie shields my blade—
Would have marched a conqu ueror upon the pages
That tell the glory of the days around—
I turned to hear, when Peter's wild devotion
Roused up to arms a mighty Christian band—
To hear the red cross banner's sh ts the ocean,
And combat in the Holy Land!

They were but dreams; yet this old blade has broken
The strait that bound them in the golden Past,
For, like you, had other visions spoken,
Nor leaped my heart save that clarion blast.
All dust and rust, let those ages moulder
Like these rent banners crumbling on the wall,
The earth learns wisdom as she wanes older—
The glory of the Past may fall!

To the great heart of mankind ever speaking,
Another spirit fills the nations now.
For the world's conflict is the conflict of the mind,
Whose rea ns are strong to keep their holy vow:
The manly arm need not inactive slumber,
The fiery heart may burn for battle now,
For oreeme of fame, a bright and glorious number,
Already wait the conqueror's brow.

Not to the land, where dwelt the Mork and Lowly,
Shall knights and warriors leave their native sod,
Put earth itself, which God created holy,
And now so long by unbelievers trod!
That earth, where, Freedom's mighty day dawning,
A bread of tyrants laugh si mankind's foes,
Where, in the light, Old Wrong's pale empire waning,
Shall yield to Freedom's brighter rose!

No more regret s the chivalry departed—
No dreams of battles on Judea's strand!
The world has need of many a Lion hearted,
And Truth and Right shall fight long after daylight!
I wore the blade the lady-nuns will believe,
And swung the banner in the light of moon,
Through the long march of the Crusaders' holy line,
Which Freedom's holy hands have borne!

Oh! when for ages her crusade has lormed
Upgrounce s'er all the quarters of the earth,
When from the for her sepulchre s wrested,
And the sacred bonhistener lies at the open North,
Will she arose, in beauty such as never
Dreamed on the poet's wildest vision dawn—
A blessing that the soul will clasp forever—
A spark from God's eternal beam!

Original Tales.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1847, by T. S. Arthur & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

AGNES;
OR, THE POSSESSED.
A Tale of Mesmerism.
(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XII.

"Dreadful!" was the exclamation of Agnes, rising quickly to her feet, as the door closed upon the form in which she had lain for nearly two months, and beginning to pace the floor of her chamber with hurried steps. For at least half an hour she continued in more rapid motion, and in the same manner, sometimes clasping her hands together, sometimes binding them across her forehead, and some times glancing upward with a look of anguish and despair. At last, she sunk upon her knees by her bed-side, and burying her face in her hands, remained in that attitude for a long time. When she arose, her countenance was more serene and hopeful. She again commenced pacing the floor, but more slowly. Her mind was occupied with a healthy topic that it had not known for weeks.

"I must, I will throw off this direful influence," she said, aloud, as she continued to walk the floor of her chamber. "It cannot be according to the order of God's laws, that one of his creatures should be thus enslaved by another. If I cry to Him, will He not deliver me? I know He will. Hitherto I have tried to fly my own strength alone to break these mystic fetters. Now I will try in His strength. They talk of benevolent spirits taking possession of us for good purposes. They may be so; but I wish no such benevolent spirits to take possession of mine. Let me be free—free as God made me and would keep me! Pain! Disease! Let any other visitor choice welcome! compared with this terrible state. It this is the price of exemption, I will not pay it it is too dear!"

The mind of Agnes rose into a temporary enthusiasm but still the exact mode by which she would make it free from the mesmeriser's power was not determined. Some kind of an invocation to Heaven, when he came into her presence, and a looking to the Lord he said upon protection, she felt sure must bring around her such a sphere as would resist the spell he had hitherto been able to place upon her. The more she thought of this the more hopeful did she become. When the sole of Doctor ——— came in to see her, as she usually did after she had taken her dinner, she felt quite cheerful. While they were conversing, Agnes said to her and dearly—

"Were you ever magnetized?"

"Yes," was the cohersta ting reply.

"By whom?"

"By my husband."

"Did Mons. Florien ever put you into the mag netic sleep?"

"No. I would not permit any one but my husband to do so."

"Why?" asked Agnes, struck with the singularity of the reply.

The woman did not answer the question immediately.

"Why?" repeated Agnes, looking earnestly into the woman's face.

"I prefer that my husband should do it," she said, e antically.

"Cannot Mons Florien, who possesses such remarkably strong magnetic power, put you to sleep, as he does me, without your consent?

"No."

"Why not?"

"He has never magnetized me. You must first consent to let a person attempt to magnetize you, before he can have any power over you?"

"Then we are free, absolutely, unless we think proper to part with our freedom, by first giving our consent to be magnetized?"

"So I understand it. And for this reason, nothing could tempt me to come into the state of somnambulism, except through my husband."

That you are wise in this respect, my own unhappy case testifies," said Agnes, sadly.

"You will soon be restored to your friends, I hope," the woman ventured to say.

"How soon?" asked Agnes, eagerly.

"I cannot tell how soon."

"In a week?"

"I do not know."

"In a month?"

"I cannot tell."

"In a year?"

"Do not ask me—for I know nothing certain. But both myself and husband will do all we can to induce Mons. Florien to complete his investigations as quickly as possible. Already, great results have been obtained. To a man of his ardent temperament and love of the science in the prosecution of eagerly, it is hard to give up the means by which he is enlisting so many new and strange phenomena. This stands in the way of your immediate return to your friends. But, bear it patiently, the time will come soon."

Many eager questions arose to the lips of Agnes, but from motives of prudence she forebore asking them. They had reference to the means by which a magnetizer's influence might be resisted.

Nearly the whole of that night Agnes lay awake, pondering upon the new subject opened her heart. She had tried to prevent Florien from depositing her of consciousness, by fixing her thoughts intently on some passage from a favorite author, and thus keeping them in a state of activity, but without effect. She had also tried to attain the same result by keeping her self-love's fingers in her mind, also by resolutely determining that her will should not be brought into subjection to the will of another; with various other expedients, all equally unavailing. But now she resolved that she would call in the aid of the All-Powerful.

Towards morning she came to a distinct conclusion as to how she should avail herself of Divine aid. She had been taught, in early years, that the Lord was present in his Word to all who sought or heard it read, provided they were in a state of acknowledgment of the Lord, and reverenced his Word as holy. If an evil spirit approaches to take possession of my body," she reasoned, "when Florien endeavors to magnetize me, that spirit will perceive the Word of God on my table, and I think it will speedily open a portion of it, and will be driven away." The first conclusions of Agnes was that she would repeat the Lord's Prayer, as a portion of the Word of God, mentally, when the magnetizer again approached her, and in her mind steadily upon it, continuing to do so as long as he remained near her. After this determination had been formed, she fell to sleep, and slept till long after daylight. Her breakfast being served, Agnes partook lightly of food, and then waited with an anxious spirit for Florien to make his appearance. This he did about ten o'clock, accompanied by the Doctor and his wife.

To Agnes, this was a time of fearful interest. The moment her eyes rested upon Florien, that moment did she commence saying the Lord's Prayer, slowly, thinking of its words and their import, as she mentally repeated them, and elevating her affections in sincere and earnest devotion. She did not reply to any question that was heard except by a nod or nodice any remark, but with her hands laid across each other and held tight to her bosom, and her eyes cast upon the floor, she waited with a slow and measured pace backwards and forwards in her chamber. There was some change about her, that was immediately perceived by those who had entered.

After waiting for some moments, Florien laid his eyes keenly upon Agnes, contracted his brow, and commenced making a strong mental effort. This was continued for one, two, three, four minutes before Agnes still walked the floor, her attitude unchanged, and the expression of her countenance, except that it was more serene and elevated, the same. Perceiving in one position that Florien now commenced walking by the side of Agnes, occasionally making a pass with his hand, at the same time that he exercised a more powerful effort of his will. But it availed not. The maiden walked with a firmer step, and now her eyes were lifted upward, while tears forced their way down over her cheeks.

"Defeated! And by the power of God!" fell audibly from her lips. But still she walked the floor, and still were her hands held tightly against her bosom.

"Agnes, sit in that chair!" said Florien, speaking in a low, calm, yet firm voice.

But she gave no heed to his words, still walking backwards and forwards, her eyes raised to Heaven, and her lips moving.

"Agnes, if you do not sit down, we will place you in that chair by force."

That was spoken low, but resolutely. The effect was the same. Florien now stepped up to her, and grasping one of her arms tightly, said—

"Doctor, take her other arm. If she will not sit down, we must make her. I never use force, but it must be done. Our experiments must not be arrested at this important stage."

The Doctor laid down his cigar, and hastened to obey the command of his friend. Agnes stood passive, her eyes now partly closed and her lips moving. Florien and the Doctor, each on one arm, were soon seated in a chair, and retained there.

"Now, sit there!" he said, preparing to make the passes necessary to put her into a state of sleep.

But the gaze fixed on his wife made still walking backwards and forwards, her eyes raised to Heaven, and her lips moving.

"Agnes, sit in that chair!" said Florien, speaking in a low, calm, yet firm voice.

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But the gaze fixed on his wife,

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1847.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Lyra's Reflections are declined.

The Mercenary is respectfully declined.

W. H. B. M. The poems, &c., over this signature are declined, with our compliments. "Try again."

T. H. The first poem sent by T. H. is accepted—the last would be very good were its meaning clearer.

C. B. L.'s pencil favors have an answer accompanying them.

Alice May's Story. This is very good as a "first essay," but "Annie" must excuse us for saying, not quite good enough for publication. By the way, "Annie" unconsciously reminds us of the old alliteration "Sarah's taking of a newness de pleeve is not" literary foopah. Sarah" but "Sapphonee" may be shown in the choice of such a name.

To My Mother is from the Granite State. The sentiment of this is very good, the wording, not good. Try another when he trues again, must keep the four lines with which he gushes up to mars, of an equal length.

The Crippen on Christmas Day. We are indebted to our friend M. for the pretty poem.

"To One in Heaven," "Thoughts at a Grave," and "My Village Home," are accepted.

Pittsburgh. The essays upon this subject that have been sent to us, are too good to throw into the fire, so for under circumstances in case of a refusal—and yet we assured we can hardly find room for them. If he has is objection, we will hold on to them for a while, and see whether an opportunity offers to slip them in.

The Mathesian. This poem is well written, but we cannot consent to publish it in our columns. We can scarcely confine to see the title, so it stands at the head of the little note. Some things are too horrible to be spoken even the subject of deep condemnation—such crimes are best forgotten.

Answer to Enigma. B.'s answer to the riddle "A Wonderful Thing," shall appear in our next. I. C. B.'s answer is correct.

WATER.

We have been considerably interested in reading a work upon the above subject, by Dr. Henry Pleasonton, which the reader will find noticed in our list of new publications. We were there made acquainted with several facts, which we are ashamed to confess, were entirely new to us—for instance, as to the extent to which water enters into the composition of various substances. We were not not surprised to learn that water constitutes only about 14 per cent. of wheat, but we might have guessed that —but we speak our eyes when we see that "starch" meal contains, according to Beekman, 74 to 75 per cent, and cow's milk, 87 per cent." Like the man who was surprised to hear that he had been speaking prose all his life, we were astonished to find that while in eating meat, we had all along ignorantly supposed we were partaking of solid food, that in reality we were only eating thickened water. And milk —how-why, when one considers that cry milk, which passes over so many brooks, and by so many pumps and hydrants, before it reaches the purchaser, can hardly contain more than five parts, at the most, of anything else than water, we seem to have been laboring under a long delusion in paying five and six cents a quart, for what we could draw ourselves twenties of it, at the hydrant for nothing. Here after we incline to think it would be wiser, to cut the acquaintance of the butcher, and have our chalky water into the face of the milkman, and do good entirely up a the river Schuylkill and the Wissahickon.

But this is not all. It seems from our author, who is a gentleman of undoubted capacity and scientific attainments, that man himself is nothing more than a mere column of water, for he states that this element constitutes "three-fourths of his whole body." In view of such a fact as this, we not only forgive, but begin to admire and approve of the careful philosophy of our milkman. He thinks doubtless that we must need a great deal of water, to supply the demands of such a fluid system. We would advise him, however, to be careful—else the consequences may be awful. The necessary quantity of solid substance not being supplied, he might have the sorrow to behold the great majority of his customers' nose for morning, gradually melting down, and running away in the pail. Even as long ago as Shakspeare may have had at his mind, when he said,

"And all our yesterdays
Have lighted fools the way to dusty death."

In confirmation of this view, our author proceeds to inform us that "Thales, Farnesius, Van Helmont and Boyle, reckoned water the element of all things" while Isaac Newton said "water, by heats, boils, fishes, insects, trees and vegetables, grow out of water, and by putrefaction return to water again." Not content even with this, we are thus goes on further to state, that the connexion between vitality and water, led the ancients to suppose that water was the parent of everything possessed of life, and after asserting that a similar doctrine is taught in the Koran, winds up with the following quotation from the first chapter of Genesis—

"And God said, let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of Heaven."

Now, any one would naturally suppose, that the person who could pile up such testimonies in proof of the importance of water, must be a rank Hydropathist, and in favor of using water in medicine in just about the same proportion that it appears to be used amply everywhere else—but that is not the case. Our author is a "regular," and styles his book "Water versus Hydropathy." He has no faith in Priessnitz, and is extremely lost upon need believing, notwithstanding his quotation from Genesis, that the best mode to make a sick man well, is to reduce him to his original element and then build him up out of water again.

But, lastlongs aside, our author seems to have a proper appreciation of water, both cold, hot and tepid; and proves that its excellence as a cosmetic has been by no means unknown by the faculty, from the ancient times. Some views in relation to bathing, may be interesting as being opposed to the general theory upon the subject. He quotes approvingly the following remarks from another writer:—"I would people every day destroy themselves by going into cold water when they are not sufficiently warm. I recommend, therefore, gentle exercise, short of perspiration, before immersion. For the same reason, I can see no sense in the common notion that it is best to bathe with an empty stomach. I would not recommend eating a cold luch to a person full gorged, but it is desirable that the stomach should be in a state of gentle activity, as to the digestion of ordinary articles of food. For this reason a cool bath an hour after breakfast, is considered preferable to one before that meal.

GRACE GREENWOOD.

We have been called to account by one of our female friends, for a little remark which appeared in the Post some weeks ago, relative to this lady, by way of introducing an editorial notice of Dagueiro, by-the-by, to-day, for which we have quite a fancy. By all accounts, she is a second Die Vernon, full of enthusiasm and a right flattering opinion—can hang five pound guns, and when she handles a rifle, rallies ladies generally, knows better than to put the muzzle to her shoulder. Dependent Grace Greenwood is she who says so pithily and nobly, that "Labour is not an accomplishment," why we would assure certain of her admirers, that under the present disciplends of Mr. Sigourney, we try a parody upon the "gorgeous curtain," and all the other magnificent creations of Genius—that the charms of Mrs. Stephens has such a plentiful supply of, that even dream of such a thing. Grace Greenwood! whose fame has extended through the length and breadth of the land, impassioned, magnificent—lepreciate Grace Greenwood! we lack words to express our surprise and admiration at such a union of the "graceful" and

United States SATURDAY POST.

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FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE LATEST BLOODSHED AND AN OLDER PERIOD—FOREIGN FASHIONS—PARIS DRESSMAKERS—ANTI-WAGE SOCIETIES—IMPORTANT CONSTITUENTS—THE FORTUNATE POLICEMAN—VALENTINES—A PLAGUE MARRIAGE-BANNS—THE ROYAL HONEYMOON, THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL—POETICAL EFFUSIONS ON THE FRUIT—A BLAZE ON A WEDDING —MISCELLANEOUS—A THEATRICAL MAGIC TRICK—THE FOUR NEW BISHOPS—THE FU-ROR OF NEWNESS AND A LITERAL STATEMENT.

Bristol, England, March 5, 1847.

Elihu Burritt, the learned American Blacksmith, a man whose benevolence is only equalled by his knowledge, is out with a new scheme, which, it is probable, will come no further than that, he cannot raise effect. After noticing the fact that the English race, both in England and the United States, with their irresistible Anglo-Saxon energy, are improving and civilizing mankind—that British mail war and commercial steamers, are now in every sea—he closes with pointing out the duty of the Anglo-saxon language—" that England should establish an Ocean Penny Postage." Now this is a fine scheme, although only thrown out by Mr. Burritt as a suggestion, is not only deemed desirable, but very practicable. Why not? The present enormous number of letters between England and America would soon be trebled, should Mr Burritt's plan ever be carried into effect. The idea originated in the editor hints that it should be recommended from the pulpit—an order that those who are wealthy may be the better enabled to pay for the dozen of their less fortunate fellow countrymen. The advice is good. Think of the prodigality in the houses of the great—and then look at the wretchedness in Ireland—say more—think of the fact that the average price of wheat the grain and potatoe crops is estimated for 1846-7, to the value of 15,000,000 of quarters (120,000,000 bushels), valued at 40 shillings each. This is a fearful calculation, and I sincerely hope that it may be acted upon, as the true source of the old proverb—Waste not, want not.

A Hydropathic (water-doctor) has been committed to prison at Enfield, on a charge of Manslaughter. The Jurying found the death of Mrs Hobbs, by his quackie treatment, and at Camden Town, a regular medical practitioner has been similarly tried for the same charge of having caused the death of Miss Collier from administering a medicine which contained an over dose of prussic acid. both practitioners were acquitted.

Matamoras also has its Water-cure establishment, and it against the one in question. pretensions, &c.

MEXICO.

Mexico is reported to be in a state of confusion as to the 30th, by the arrival of Farias as President, while General in Chief of the Army, a movement by the ruling property of the war.

AMERICANS.

Some intelligence from Paris of thirty Americans, who had left the city in consequence of inflamm were unsightly. Another letter informs us that Mr Macmahon obtained a warrant for his arrest, for which they offered a reward, while sundry mob orders were started in pursuit—and as the "cream of the true lover never did run smooth," the fugitives were overtaken at Cork, introduced to a magistrate, the police-officer disclaimed and the lady restored to her friends. Jacob returned to Newcastle, under pretence of employing his office as a police-magistrate, but continued, it is said to be crossed, and his fair Heaven into his custody—the lovers flying once more to Gretna Green, and the Temple of Hymen. Again all was talk, bustle and excitement in Newcastle, and again the relatives pursued and—

"Unhappy men—oh! miserable fate—
They you accused is come to be too late."

For Hymen had got the start, and had been married a few hours before the interesting re-introduction of the relatives. So after hearing the anger of the Mayor, the sadness and tragedy of the assembled crowd for the occasion—and who kicked up quite an artificial row in the streets,—the happy couple sailed from Cork in open boat for Liverpool, and the assembled crowd for the occasion—and who kicked up quite an artificial row in the streets,—the happy couple sailed from Cork in open boat for Liverpool, and the assembled mob made the history of the fortunate policeman. But Cupid has it late here unusually busy, for I observe that on St. Valentine's day, the number of double postage extra letters passed through the London Post-Office. In fact, two—that very cold place—a woman at Dublin received two pounds of love letters, and from a young English orphan, desires to be a splendid fortune! Surely such a young lady can hardly have occasion to be addressed as an orphan.

As there has been some little discussion in relation to the birth-place of the great Russell—I do not mean Lord John, but the famous Jewish singer, who now by way of a new attraction, styles himself the "American Vocalist"—I think it right to put the matter at rest once for all. Your side of the Atlantic, by stating, on the authority of the Staffordshire Advertiser Mercury, that Mr. Henry Russell is an Englishman, and was born at Sheerness, in the year 1814. He has already realized a large fortune, and entertainment his popularity unimpaired. In theatricals generally we have little that is new. Wallace's Opera of Maritana, at Covent Garden, and Balfe's Opera at Drury Lane—the Italian (rival) Opera Company at Covent Garden are likely to beat The real and legitimate Opera Company at present in the real Opera House, a very strong troupe of vocalists and corps de ballet, are winning up-hill work. Jullien's Concerts are still the rage in a musical way, but, odd as it may appear, even these are deeply distanced by the American Ethiopians, who are all the rage in London, and even Kemble has been playing Julia and Lady Teazle at Astley's, in Liverpool, and though but eighty miles from Liverpool, and though but eighty miles from Liverpool, and though but eighty miles from

Selected Poem.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

THE STORMY SEA.

BY DELTA.

Ere the twilight hour was fitting,
In the manse, at her knitting,
Sung a lonely maiden, elder
Unfortunately but blessed ever;
And, as daylight died before us,
And the vesper star shone o'er us,
Filled once her tender chorus:
"Lonely's the stormy sea!"

Wrongly chose that sweet glowing;
Shortly breathed the young listening,
Forth, with beauty swallowed:
"Lonely's the stormy sea!"

Hence the home of love is he,
As those angel hosts assembling,
With the sweet manse blending,
Rose had the same low ending—
"Jessie's on the stormy sea!"

Canoe hulls remotely ringing,
Mingled with that sweet voice singing,
And the last veil my sensed clinging,
Lingeringly it sank into
Nearer as I came, and nearer,
Fairer was she seen, and dearer—
Oh! 'twas Heaven knell to hear her—
"Jessie's on the stormy sea!"

"Here, ye wont winds! blandly hover
O'er the loch that bears my lover;
Gently blow and hie your
To his own dear home and me;
For, when night winds bend the willow,
Sleep forsakes my lonely pillow,
Thinking of the looming billow—
"Jessie's on the stormy sea!"

How could I but list, but linger,
To the song, and note the singer,
Serenely wooing Heaven to bring her
Jessie from the stormy sea;
And while yet her lips did name me,
Forth I sprung my heart o'erwrought me—
"Grieve no more, sweet, I am Jessie,
Home returned to love and thee!"

Choice Selections.

MAKING A WOMAN.

[The following anecdote is related in "McKay's Indian Sketches." The occurrence took place during an expedition in which he was concerned, along with Gen. Clark, in 1837, with a view to "chastising a treaty with several of the Indian tribes]

"The business of the treaty over, everything was in motion, preparing for the departure of all to their respective destinations. At this moment of general activity, a woman, well and fearful, was missed. It was by a female. A rush of a thousand Indians was made for the spot whence it proceeded. I looked, and saw in the midst of the crowd a man's arm raised, with a knife in the hand. It fell—and then was heard another scream! When I sprang towards the scene of what seemed to be a scuffle of blood, and just as I had reached it, Major F., having started from an opposite direction, was a few feet in advance of me; and at the instant when the child to blow was about to fall upon the victim, he struck and knocked down the man who was thus desperately employing the bloody weapon. There stood, trembling and blending, a fine-looking squaw. She was mother of the wife of the man who had made the the attempt upon her life. The distinct stroke of each arm, just below the shoulder, was cut with deep gashes. These were given, as each arm was raised, in succession, to shield her body from the impending knife. The first thrust had thus disabled one arm, the second the other, and if the third had been given, there being no shield in the arena for further protection (for they both hung powerless by her side,) it would doubtless have gone, where the two first were aimed, to the heart!

"I took charge of the trembling and agitated woman, giving orders to the soldiers to take the culprit, and lock him up in our provision-house, until some suitable punishment should be agreed upon for a crime so flagrant and bloody. On my return, having gone to the village, I cleaned and bound up the wounds; and by the employment of bandages, kept the arms stationary, giving her directions which to use them, and sent her in charge of her daughter and some friends to Green Bay, to our surgeon, to be attended to.

"The cause of the outrage was as follows.—The woman and her daughter had carefully put away their supplies, &c., in their canoes, and were in eve of embarking, when it was reasoned among the Indians that a whiskey-dealer had arrived in the woods, bahind our temporary camp. The moment it reached the ears of this reckless Indian, he started with others in quest of the whiskey. The mother-in-law, well knowing his recklessness, and blustering, and stranding, and pork, and beef, and flour, &c., would soon be parted with, in exchange for the fire-water, believed him, extending him not to go, but to go home and enjoy what had been given them there. She clung to him rather inconvenient-ly, when he resolved on freeing himself by the use of his knife. For some time she kept off his blows with her paddle; but they rendered inoperative from her hand, she had no shield left but her arms, and those were alternately disabled in the manner I have stated.

"Governor Cass coming along, I narrated all this, and to the inquiry: 'What shall we do with the man?' answered promptly: 'Make a woman of him!' And so we did. The process was on this wise. The several interpreters were sent out to summon in the Indians and to arrange them around the Butte de Morts—the women and children in front. This being done—from eight hundred to a thousand, perhaps, their assembled—the culprit leader was brought from his confinement, and led by a couple of our voyagers to the top of the mound, and placed against the flag staff. Gov. Cass and my self, and the interpreters, being their also. Never before had I witnessed or Indians a feeling so intense. Every eye shot, hair shot, brave and squaw, up, and of every child, and it seemed to me of every dog also, was beaming with concentrated hate, and every eye was upon him. They had all heard of the assault upon the woman, but to a man justified it, alleging that a woman was nobody, when the power and freedom of the man were alleged after to be interfered with; and that the life of any woman would be no more than a just forfeit for such intermeddling.

"The squaws entertained different notions, and were deeply concerned, especially in the house to face them—not one of them knowing anything for that than that some punishment was to be inflicted on the man for his crime. The offender stood unmoved. Not a particle of interest did he seem to take in what was to befall him. If he had been there aiming, listening to the coming, leaving, and the meaning of the winds, and looking upon the woods, the sky, the river, and the lake, he could not have been more unmoved. He was dressed in the best of Mackinaw, ornamented, were on his feet, his leg gins were of scarlet cloth, fringed and decorated, besides, with bits of fur, bears' tails, and rattles. A good blanket was about his waist; his ears were ornamented with silver rings, his arms with bracelets, his face with paint, and his hair sprinkled with vermilion.

"Attention being called through the various interpreters, the governor spoke, explaining the case —the innocence and kind designs of the woman—the perquisty and usefulness of the interference, which was not crudely attempted—the noble spirit of keeping her daughter's husband from joining in drunken revelries, and being bereft of all their stores, and then going home poor, and naked, and hungry. That was her object; whilst the whiskey-trader cared for none of those things, but sought only to rob them of their blankets and calicoes, for, and give them nothing in exchange for them but fire water. The treaty [spirit] closed down and smiled on this act of the woman, and was angry at the bad conduct of the man, and with the whiskey-trader. It was for the utmost effect and so prompt was the part that this man, the husband of her daughter, had acted her, and with his knife struck at her breast to kill her, and fell for her with which she had shielded her breast, she would have been murdered. Her cross, and tears, and blood, were all eye-talking, nothing could have acted her, but the consummate arrival of help, and a blow that put it out of his power to consummate his bloody purpose. For this act he could be no longer a brave! He had forfeited his character as a man; from henceforth let him be a woman!

"All this communication, the chiefs and braves auctioned vengeance. We were sold by the inter-preters they would resist us. But never before were hearts yet more at one, or did hope glisten in such a multitude of squaws, never did eyes dance in frames of such superior, or smiles radiate faces with such animation. Never was the 'scene' —a mere expression of mingled surprise and glad-ness—filled with such vehemence and joy. Even the pipe-stem, turning from their sources of nourishment, looked round as if some new and blessed influence was felt by them; and the very dog barked.

"Whereas a voyager had conceived of an old squaw pitiful, stiff with the accumulations of years and dirt of many years. As he ascended the mound with this relic, another matter of vengeful zeal broad from the man, whose death years back with rage; but it was literally drowned under the ebullitations that broke at this moment from the squaws. Here they are, for the first time, new light and new hope breaking in upon their destiny. Gov-ernor, they seemed to say, will be lighter, our lights were suspected, our energies put to death. There stood the voyager, holding the pail-ful. The sight of both was the signal for the collection of the relic and the prince. But in Hampden, and in Hampden alone, were united all the qualities that could make the hero. Hampden was the true Statesman—the ruler and energy of Cromwell, the discernment and eloquence of Vane, the humanity and nobleness of Manchester, and the high-souled Hale, the ardent public spirit of Sidney. Others might possess the qualities which were necessary to save the popular party in the crisis of danger; he alone had both the power and the inclination to exercise its essences in the hour of triumph. Others could conquer; he alone could reconcile. A head as bold as his brought up the cuirassiers who trampled on the rights of battle on Marston Moor; but an eye as his watched the Scott's army, descending the heights over Inverkar. But it was when, to the qualities of Lord and Charles, had succeeded the fierce conflicts of sects and factions, ambitions of sacerdotal and burning for revenge; it was when the spirit of Cromwell's labor, in all its strength, which she is subject, as well of the lodge, as of all other mental things. The whiskey-trader had made off, or he would have been inquired into with the proper zeal, might have been made useful to him for the remainder of his days."

FARMERS' DAUGHTERS.

It is often remarked with some surprise, that farmers' daughters seldom prefer husbands of that profession; and many farmers believe that educa-tion unfits them for domestic duties in rural life. Others have thought the blame was with mothers, in not confining them to business sufficiently to make it interest to them to be useful, and to impress upon them with the idea that farmers were the only men suitable for husbands. In my humble opinion, if they would look to the early effects of the cause, they would be quite sure of finding it.

It is not education, we have reason to fear, but the want of it. The thoroughly educated woman understands her duties and responsibilities better, and is far better qualified to discharge them than she otherwise would be, under the idea that want of employment to be any part of the reason.

Our girls hear much said of the safety of the ag ricultural profession—of the almost sure indepen dence of the farmer; but have they ever seen or even heard of independence of the farmer's wife? Do they see that for her that for her there is no connection from toil—that, as their father's lands increase, so do her labors?

They hear that their father has worked hard long enough, and intends to relax from labor, and by economy and business talents has secured to him-self that their mother could live more comfort-ably. Though they see their father employ extra help, they rarely see their mother relieved from labor; and they rarely see that the mother's task still harder—they see no indications of her toil being appreciated as long as it is necessary in a plantation of many years growth. In performing this operation, attention should be paid to the natural habit or form of the plant, as much depends on it. In such a case it is difficult to attempt to make an oak, or any other stately forest tree assume the habit of an ever growing plant, such as the Lombardy poplar. It is therefore difficult to lay down a general rule, and the following may be taken as the habit of any crea-ture. It may be remarked, however, that all trees intended to grow to timber should be set off will branches, and every limb that is cut off or broken or shoot should be cut off, and any side shoot or branch acquiring greater strength than the stem should be removed. Trees that have a more trailing form of sap, should also be taken away. A few or the lower branches may be cut off as the trees at-tains, but this must be done with caution, that the sap is properly attended to, and judiciously done when the plants are young, and it can almost all be done with the common pruning-knife; and where much time or expense, the trees in general and under ordinary circumstances will have attained sufficient length so clear in timber.—*Gardener's Chronicle.*

FATAL ISSUE OF A PRACTICAL JOKE.

The accused article from a London Magazine. ought to operate as a caution to practical jokers:

"On the 30th of last month, Mr. Jones, in the presence of two young gentlemen who were studying medicine with her brother, ridiculed the latter's courage and folly by saying that ghosts were governed. She said for her part, she had no super-stitious fears, and had courage for any emergency that might occur. The young men, aware of the feeble way brought from his confinement, and led by a couple of our voyagers to the top of the mound, and placed against the flag staff. Gov. Cass and my self, and the interpreters, being their also. Never before had I witnessed or Indians a feeling so in tense. Every eye shot, hair shot, brave and squaw, up, and of every child, and it seemed to me of every dog also, was beaming with concentrated hate, and every eye was upon him. They had all heard of the assault upon the woman, but to a man justified it, alleging that a woman was nobody, when the power and freedom of the man were alleged after to be interfered with; and that the life of any woman would be no more than a just forfeit for such intermeddling.

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JOHN HAMPDEN.

Macaulay concludes a review of Lord Nugent's Memorials of Hampden, by the following eloquent portraiture of the character of that great Hero of English liberty, who fell on Chalgrove field, June 18th, 1643, in the civil war against the infatuated tyrant, King Charles:—

"He had indeed left none his like behind him. There still, indeed, remained in his party many acute intellects, many eloquent tongues, many brave hearts, many honest men. There still were many wise and clear-sighted soldier, half fanatic, half loyalist, fellow talents, discovered as yet by only one party. There still were many high and pure minded men of the soldier and the prince. But in Hampden, and in Hampden alone, were united all the qualities which could make the leader of a great party in a great crisis—the ruler and energy of Cromwell, the discernment and eloquence of Vane, the humanity and nobleness of Manchester, and the high-souled Hale, the ardent public spirit of Sidney. Others might possess the qualities which were necessary to save the popular party in the crisis of danger; he alone had both the power and the inclination to exercise its essences in the hour of triumph. Others could conquer; he alone could reconcile. A head as bold as his brought up the cuirassiers who trampled on the rights of battle on Marston Moor; but an eye as his watched the Scott's army, descending the heights over Inverkar. But it was when, to the qualities of Lord and Charles, had succeeded the fierce conflicts of sects and factions, ambitions of sacerdotal and burning for revenge; it was when the spirit of Cromwell's labor, in all its strength, was left to struggle with the spirit of Laud, that the loss of Hampden was felt most keenly, and deemed the heaviest misfortune that could befall the State. Then it was that the whole kingdom felt the want of him. Then it was that the Parliament, which he alone had the power to save, and which he alone had the power to destroy, began to feel that it could not do without him. Then it was that the whole nation, which he alone had the power to lead, and which he alone had the power to mislead